

McGuire, who is a veritable ancient mariner

From 2,500 to 3,000 boys and about 800 men patronize this bath. Mrs. Mary Doherty is the matron, and she has from 400 to 500 women and about 900 girls to look after. Policemen James McGuire and Dan Corcoran are on duty here.

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A black and white illustration showing a group of men in uniform, likely police or military, standing in a line in front of a building. The building has a sign that reads "THE CITY OF BROOKLYN". In the foreground, a man in a suit is pointing towards the group. The scene appears to be a formal gathering or inspection.



"YOU'VE BEEN IN LONG ENOUGH."

This bath is not as well patronized as the other two, though it is in the heart of the city of churches.

This is because the bath-house is located

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Pratt liked to fix his hair carefully with his fingers before the court was declared open, and if a lawyer tried to hasten matters Pratt would say with intense severity, "Please wait, sir! until I have said, sir! that the Court, sir! is ready to hear you, sir!"
On one occasion the young attorney, who had come across on the Oakland boat and was feeling fresh, said:
"I beg your pardon, sir, but you have dropped your pocket comb, and I am afraid it will get away unless you claim it. I trust

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"Why, Yer Honor," replied a grave-looking member of the group, "it's a sort of wager. Yon kettle is the stake."

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The late Bishop Selwyn delighted to tell the following rare incident in his varied experience: While Bishop of Lichfield he was walking one day in the Black country, and observing a group of colliers seated by the roadside in a semicircle, with a brass kettle in front of them; he had the curiosity to inquire what was going on, says *The Tit-Bits*.

"Why, Your Honor," replied a grave-looking member of the group, "it's a sort of wager. You kettle is a prize for the fellow who can tell the biggest lie and I am the umpire."

Amazed and shocked, the good Bishop said reprovingly, "Why, my friends, I have never told a lie that I know of since I was born."

There was a dead silence, only broken by